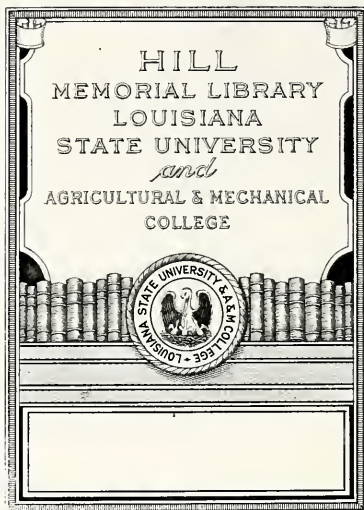






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EARL K. LONG
Governor of Louisiana



ERNEST S. CLEMENTS
Commissioner

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MEL WASHBURN
Editor

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IN THIS ISSUE



HOW TO HUNT QUAIL

By Havilah Babcock



FORGOTTEN GAME BIRDS

By Byron W. Dalrymple



GAME HOGS ARE BREEDING

By Leonard E. Foote



THE LITTLE SHRIMP

By James Nelson Gowanloch



TARPON ARE SMARTEST SPORTS

By Mel Washburn

COVER

The Louisiana mourning dove which has been almost forgotten as a game bird.

By Ernest S. Clements

*Commissioner of Wild Life and Fisheries
of Louisiana*

THE PENALTY is death for predatory animals and fish, but for the predacious man, who ravages game and fish preserves and refuges, what?

The State of Louisiana spends hundreds of thousands of dollars each year on fish hatcheries, restocking of streams and lakes with game fish; refuges and reservations for quail, wild turkey, deer, wild ducks and geese, in fact many varieties of game, fish and fur bearing animals, and then provides and supports enforcement divisions to aid in the protection of these wards of the wildlife and fisheries of the state.

But in spite of diligent efforts, elaborate programs of education intended to encourage the public to aid in the protection and conservation of the state's fish and game proteges, the law-breaker sets his traps, pulls his seine and even resorts to poison to elude the law and gather to himself a few dishonest dollars.

During the last six weeks more than 10,000 pounds of white perch have been seined out of the streams and lakes of central and north Louisiana by illegal fishermen. Some have been caught but not all. One raid on August 3rd netted 3100 pounds of white perch that had been seined near Alexandria; another lawbreaker was caught near Deville, La., with 3300 pounds of fish; and another near Pineville on August 10th, with 1500 pounds of illegal fish.

And all these fish had been placed in the streams and lakes by the state for the sports fishermen, not for the scavenger who, because of the methods he employs, destroys as many fish as he takes, and in a few days rids a stream of all its game fish.

But an even worse scavenger is the violator who poisons a stream or lake, usually with a lime mixture, killing all the fish for several miles in a stream, or wiping out entirely the fish life in a lake. Because the dead fish he gathers up are still marketable and edible, these poisoners are becoming more and more active, so much so that in one day, during the second week in August, 10 violators were arrested in one locality near Alexandria.

Constant alertness on the part of fish and game wardens brings many of these law breakers to book, but not all of them. Fines levied in the courts have little effect.

The predatory wolf, the wild dog, the fox, the armadillo, and the predacious fish are destroyed when captured. While the death penalty for the ravaging man would be unthinkable, certainly a good stiff jail sentence would help the conservation of fish and game immeasurably.

La

415-37



'Outsmarted'...

THERE is great jubilation in Beauregard parish, because the canniest wolf ever known to the deep South finally has fallen victim to a master trapper. But not before she had left the almost incredible total of 16,000 dead sheep in her wake.

The saga of this marauding bitch wolf reads like a Jack London adventure tale and for more than two years she and her mate have had the Beauregard parish farmers in a frenzy of bitterness and discouragement. For the past several years the wildlife and live stock in the parish have suffered amazing losses. The loss in sheep alone has been so staggering that the farmers estimated the number had decreased from 24,000 to about 8,000 in the last two years.

As a result there was generated a wave of hectic and chaotic trapping in the hope that this vicious killer and her mate be captured, and finally the male wolf did fall prey to a trap along with 10 armadillos, two foxes and two wild dogs, all caught in the vicinity of DeQuincy, La., but the wily female continued to elude traps, covered her tracks, and continued her murderous marauding, leaving as many as eight dead sheep a night in her wake.

Joe Miller, supervisor of the Predator Control project of the Wild Life and Fisheries department of the state, assisted by Clifton Evans, a trapper, were finally called in. On June 30, Mr. Miller reported to Major James Brown, director of Fish and Game, as follows:

"During the time I have been hunting this female wolf around DeQuincy all the sheep raisers have had their sheep in

the clipping pens, and although I have hunted hard for several days I did not find a single wolf track.

"Now the sheep have been turned out again, and again the killer is on her rampage, leaving six to eight dead sheep in her wake each night. It is my opinion that she will be hard to trap now, as every Tom, Dick or Harry has been setting traps for her without the slightest effect. She goes

over their trap lines, digs them out and goes on her way killing as she wishes every night. They have even tried putting out poison for her, but she's too smart for that, too. I am going back to DeQuincy and have another try at her myself, not that I think I'm a better trapper than the others, but up to now I've never let a lone wolf put something over on me."

So Joe Miller set out once more on the trail of the slyest and most destructive she wolf he'd ever heard about. On July 26, almost a month later he again reported to Major Brown.

"I have been working around DeQuincy and have succeeded in trapping and killing several wild dogs that have been doing some killing of live stock in this community, but of the lone wolf I still have no trace. She is so smart now she seldom travels the same way twice. If I could only find a two-way track she has left, I believe I could get her, as I still, believe she can be trapped."

A few days later he again wrote Major Brown:

"I have had Mr. Evans come down with a jeep, and we have been able to get into places we couldn't reach with our car. As a result we have finally found this wolf's trail again, and followed her mile after mile, finding plenty of dead sheep she's left, but so far no trace of a two-way track. She is positively the smartest wolf I've ever heard of."

A day or two later another report came in from Joe Miller:

"We have finally found a place she has walked twice, but has been traveling in



Posse of farmers and sheep raisers from the DeQuincy community who rode day after day hunting the marauding she-wolf who for more than two years slaughtered their livestock and eluded capture.



The killer after her last run. This wolf is estimated to have killed more than \$80,000 worth of sheep during her lifetime.

the same direction both times. Evans and myself have set our trap, and if she comes this way again we may get her."

There followed two weeks of anxious waiting and hope had dwindled that the wary she wolf would set out on that particular run again. Then, on Sunday morning, July 25, there was great rejoicing in Beauregard parish. The destructive bitch had fallen into Joe Miller's trap and was killed.

Mr. Miller estimated that she was at least six years old and that her cost to live stock in the parish would run into many thousands of dollars.

The farmers of the parish were so elated that they staged a great barbecue for Supervisor Miller and presented him with a fine new Stetson hat for his trapping success. And Mr. Miller's determination that no lone wolf shall outwit him is as great as ever, although he freely admits that this female predator had his confidence at an extremely low ebb before he finally made the winning set of his trap.

Policing State a Hard Job

ALTHOUGH a total of 237 arrests for all kinds of fish and game violations over a period of 90 days does not appear to be a serious number considering the activities in these fields in Louisiana, there is little doubt that this number will decrease in future months as enforcement agents under Paul Votier, director of enforcement in the Wildlife and Fisheries department, buckle down to the task Mr. Votier has set for them.

"Policing Louisiana for fish and game violators," says Mr. Votier, "is a more difficult task than in most any other state in the union due to the bayous, marshes, and isolated sections we must reach to apprehend violators, but we're getting them. And we'll get more of them as the weeks

and months go by. It is too much to hope that we can rid the state of all violators, but we're going to make it so tough we'll cut down their number considerably.

"Sportsmen can help a lot by reporting violations, and now that the hunting season is near we hope for much assistance from the hunters themselves. If they would only realize that by ridding the country of the unlawful hunter and fisherman, their sport would be greater and more certain to last."

An idea of the type of violator to look for is provided by the following list of arrests made during June, July and August.

Type of Violation	Number
Angling Without License.....	21
Commercial Fishing Without License.....	15
Trawling Without License.....	1
Possessing Undersize Frogs.....	7
Possessing Undersize Commercial Fish.....	4
Possessing Undersize Game Fish.....	4
Fishing Commercial Fish With Illegal Tackle.....	13
Fishing Game Fish With Illegal Tackle.....	74
Trawling In Closed Waters.....	4
Commercial Fishing In Closed Waters.....	4
Possessing Shrimp In Closed Season.....	5
Fishing With Explosives.....	7
Hunting at Night.....	5
Hunting Squirrel During Closed Season.....	29
Hunting Doe.....	2
Hunting Doves During Closed Season.....	1
Hunting Migratory Waterfowl During Closed Season.....	3
Hunting On State Preserve.....	2
Hunting Grobeck.....	20
Pollution of Stream.....	4
Possessing Over the Legal Limit of Game Fish.....	2
Possessing Game Fish for Sale.....	3
Poisoning Fish.....	10
Resisting Arrest.....	1
Total Number of Arrests.....	237

VENISON CAN'T BE DISGUISED

Poachers who convert illegal venison into "veal cutlets" and "lamb fores" and store the meat in deep-freeze lockers believing that they have destroyed all evidence of their crime often are jolted out of their complacency when well-trained conservation officers are on the job, the Wildlife Management Institute stated recently.

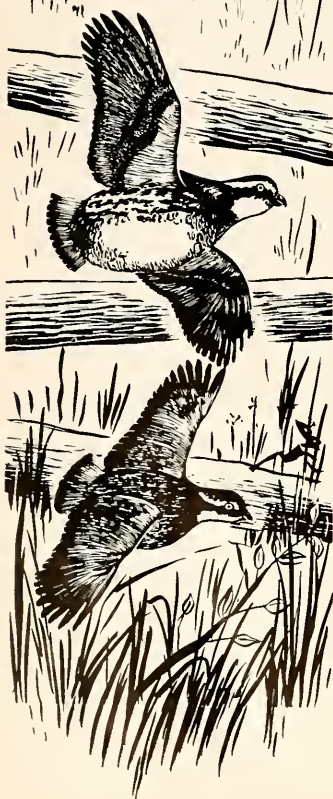
A single hair clinging to the meat or a bit of bone is all that needed to prove that the meat came from a deer rather than from a domestic animal. If the poacher is meticulous enough to remove every hair and bone fragment, he still is not safe even though the meat may be in the oven or frying pan when the warden calls. Meat that is even the least bit rare may be tested chemically to determine the species of animal from which it came. FBI tactics frequently are used by modern-day conservation officers to the surprise of many poachers.



HOW TO HUNT QUAIL

By HAVILAH BABCOCK

Author of "MY HEALTH IS BETTER IN NOVEMBER" From which this story is reprinted.



BIRD finding, of course, comes before bird shooting. Birds, like gold, are where you find them. They may also be in a lot of other places. Given the same dogs and the same territory, one man may put up twice as many birds as another. An inexperienced hunter finds his game by accident or the process of elimination. An old hand, seemingly by instinct.

"Damned if you can't almost make game!" reverently remarked a friend of mine to a certain guide. "Why, you can take one limpsy old dropper and find more birds than I can with three good dogs. How do you do it?"

The easy-going guide relighted his pipe and whimsically drawled: "Maybe I just say to myself, 'If you was a covey of birds, where would you be at this time of the day, this season of the year, and this kind of weather?' And I just go there, and there they be. Reckon it's just knowin' the how-come."

Bog White is not only a home-body, but a great creature of habit and lover of routine. No other game bird is so regular and so predictable in its habits. Under

normal conditions, a covey will follow the same itinerary from day to day. Learn the schedule, and you meet the train. True enough, the schedule may vary with such factors as time, weather, temperature and feeding conditions, but it will vary predictably. As our guide significantly remarked, you've got to know the how-come. Bird finding is indeed a pretty respectable art in itself.

But it is mainly with the other half—quail shooting—that we are concerned at present. I well know that only a hardy soul will undertake to prescribe a list of don'ts for the bird hunter, and that any man who sets down his observations on the subject is apt to have his life made miserable thereafter by his hunting companions. But with all my sins on my own head, here I go.

Don't try to head off a covey by getting between the birds and their customary refuge, with the fond hope of making them light where you want them. Don't try it for three reasons: first, because it can't be done; secondly, because they will swerve around you and present a really baffling shot; thirdly, because it will "up-

set your equanimity and make you mad," as I once heard a fellow express it. 'Tis a folly I was most reluctant to abandon as a boy.

Birds are going where they are going and there is precious little you can do about it—except to adapt yourself accordingly by getting behind their habitual line of flight and giving yourself a conjectural straightaway. If they won't accommodate you, accommodate yourself to them.

Most coveys have a traditional refuge which they make for whenever disturbed. Even in new territory it is often possible to determine a covey's flight—simply by figuring out the most unshootable place they could possibly fly to. When dogs are staunch and cover is adequate, a knowing gunner can often maneuver himself into a good shooting position, regardless of natural barriers.

Don't hunt in a hurry. You will overlook birds and break down yourself and your dogs to no purpose. If you have anything important to do, stay at home and do it. If you are in birdy country, forget all about accounts collectable, bills unpayable, your wife's parting remarks, the fugaciousness of time, and the seductiveness of the next field. The finest bird hunter I ever knew seemed to fiddle aimlessly around as if he had nothing else in the world to do.

And never, never run to a point. The surest way to ruin an unstable, over-anxious dog is to run up whooping and yelling to him to be careful. What a jewel of inconsistency—a man hurdling the landscape like a scared cross-countryman and bellowing "Careful! Steady!" at every stride. Not only will it eventually ruin a dog by making him nervous and distrustful of himself, but when you get there you are so out of breath and emotionally off balance that you can't hit anything. Besides, a grown man looks silly doing it.

Don't hunt with a more experienced shot—one of those chivalrous cusses—who cockily announces: "Now I'm going to give you the first shot on every bird that gets up. I'm not going to shoot until after you have finished. Just take your time."

How in the heck can you take your time when the courteous thing to do is to get your shooting over as soon as possible so that your benefactor will have a chance? When I first began to shoot quail, I hunted a livelong day under just such conditions without getting a single bird, and came home that night feeling lower down than the left hind heel of a hound dog.

However fatherly and considerate the other fellow may be, the mere knowledge that he is waiting to shoot, and will get your bird if you don't, will so disorganize you that you can't hit the state of Texas. No one but a hardened campaigner can stand such generosity.

Only good shots—or gentlemen—should hunt together. Learn leisureliness alone. The beginner must work out his own sal-



The Louisiana quail or Bob White, some of the finest specimens in this country.

vation, and the fewer spectators present to witness his infamy and psychoanalyze his failures the better.

Don't shoot singles competitively. When a point is made and the probabilities indicate a lone bird, let your companion take the shot with complete confidence that you are not going to lift your gun, regardless of the consequences. Hit or miss, that shot is his, to be handled as leisurely as he pleases. When the next single is pointed, your companion should show you the same consideration.

When two men stand with itching trigger fingers, each anxious to beat the other to the draw, the effect is ruinous. Both will fire prematurely, often tearing up the bird or missing altogether in their over-anxiety, and sooner or later bickerings will ensue as to "who shot John." Besides, such unseemly competition begets the worst fault there is in quail shooting—over-precipitancy.

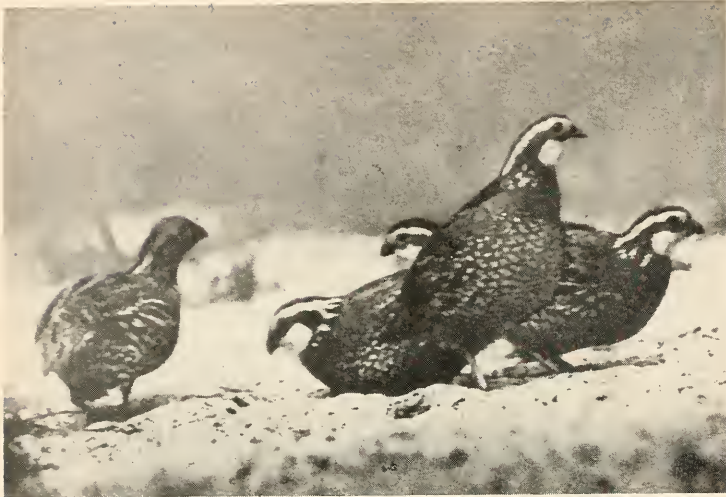
Bird hunting, when it is done right, is a gentlemanly and leisurely pastime. In shooting singles, turn about is not only fair play, but the only way. True enough, a companion may sometimes stand in readiness in case a full house instead of a lone

jack is raised, but this assurance of non-interference is prerequisite to satisfactory singles-shooting.

If you have a good dog who knows more about hunting than you do—and many dogs do—or one more familiar with the territory than you, give him his head. Let the dog take your hunting. Some gunners unwittingly keep their dogs from prying into gamey places, where judgment and instincts would naturally lead them, by interposing their own preferences. If you have a really good hunter who knows his business, the fewer instructions you give him the better.

Observe your dogs when they are making game so that you will recognize the symptoms thereafter. The posture of a pointing dog is as diversified and as unstandardized as a golfer's stance in putting. A dog's reaction to the proximity of game is equally unstandardized.

One dog registers interest in one way, another in another. One lifts an unobtrusive muzzle, delicately tests the air currents, and proceeds unerringly. Another noisily gulps down draughts of air. One advertises the imminence of the quarry by an undue cautiousness of demeanor. Another con-



Louisiana quail discover seeds put out for smaller birds. In the group are three cocks and two females, all busily scratching for food.

tents himself by freezing his tail and sloping forward, while an uninspired groundling may lower his muzzle to the earth and snort prodigiously.

With some dogs, the reaction is almost imperceptible. Some have to be knocked down with a hint, like some people. But to an observing hunter there is always some telltale mannerism that screams aloud. "I think I have something here. Stand by for further orders."

Time and again have I stumbled unprepared into a rattling bevy because I had failed to recognize the symptoms in my own or another man's dog. A study of your dog's individualities in this respect will reward you handsomely later.

When your dogs are making game, keep close behind them. Running birds will sometimes take wing with little provocation. Early-season coveys, or others that haven't been shot, flush easily, often refusing to lie for the point. It is especially important to keep up with your dogs when they are experiencing trouble in pinning a skulking covey down, when the ground cover is scant, or when they are trailing in dry leaves or noisy underbrush.

The gunner who keeps up with his dogs under such conditions assures himself at least 10 per cent more shots during the day's hunt. The percentage fluctuates with such variables as the terrain, ground moisture, rankness of vegetation, and nose and workmanship of the dog, but in any case it is sufficient to justify a little extra-alertness on the gunner's part.

Take your dog seriously. Whenever there is any chance whatever of his being on game, honor his point. Not to do so is to befuddle him, encourage him to discount the importance of advertising his discoveries, and now and then to deprive yourself of a beautiful shot.

Because you never can tell. Birds are often found where, by all reckoning, they shouldn't be. Who of us has not had the experience of ordering a puppy in to flush a suppositional sparrow—and watched in deep chagrin as a thundering covey erupted and sailed away to safety, catching us, metaphorically speaking, with our breeches down?

It is especially important to honor the workmanship of a young recruit. Can you expect a puppy to take himself seriously unless you take him seriously? And if he does a little practice pointing on a skulking rat or a stink-bird, don't embarrass him too much or berate him too severely. That pestiferous stink-bird can fool the canniest of bird-dog noses for an instant.

Not all false-pointing is false. Mayhap an erratic single has decamped from the exact spot just before you came over the hill, or a nervous covey has just scurried into an adjacent thicket. 'Tis best to be charitable. No dog—or no hunter—is infallible.

The time to find a dead bird, or capture a wounded one, is the instant it falls. Unless you have a perfect retriever, not only mark the exact spot where the bird fell, but precede to the spot immediately. With every minute that passes, the body scent

of a dead bird or the trail of a disabled one diminishes and the enthusiasm of your dog wanes.

But before you budge from your tracks to do anything, reload your gun. If you don't you'll feel awfully silly when some laggard pops up and sails insolently away. The easiest shots seem to come after you've wasted both barrels on the initial flurry, anyway.

Don't bawl your dog out for failing to find the bird you thought you killed. If he is a good retriever, he will probably find enough birds you didn't know you hit to make up for it. And, of course, you wouldn't try to pull the wool over the eyes of your companions by yelling "Dead bird! Dead bird!" at your dogs with great moral earnestness, when you know darned well you missed clean as a hound's tooth. But you might know some hunters who are not above it.

Be sure your bird is dead. It is so easy to administer the coup de grace to a disabled one by snapping its neck or cracking its head over the gun barrel. An inert bird is often only stunned, and will sometimes regain consciousness and escape. Have you ever had the experience of relieving a dog of an apparently dead one, only to have it suddenly come alive and slip from your hand?

I recall two amusing episodes that may find some sort of parallel in your own experience. A young nephew of mine was highly elated over getting his first bag of quail—twelve in Virginia, where he lives. Summoning the entire family to the back porch, he began removing the birds from his coat and tossing them to the floor as he impressively counted. "One—two—three four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten eleven—twel—" But the "twelve" stuck in his throat as the last bird swerved suddenly upward and, in the words of one of the onlookers, "sold out like a bat out of Hades," leaving the boy with a sagging chin and a firm resolution.

The other episode involves two friends who got into a chivalrous argument as to who had killed a single which they had shot together.

"Here's your bird," said one, tossing it to the other.

"No. You killed it," replied the other, tossing it back.

"Beg your pardon, I missed him a mile," and back the bird went again.

"But I swear I didn't touch him," protested the catcher, passing it back.

They would have worn that bird out, I guess, had not the corpse terminated the argument by suddenly coming to life and executing a perfect incompleting pass by hurtling off half-way between them. Alphonse and Gaston looked stupidly at each other.

"There ought to be an Aesop fable to fit that," one of the hunters sheepishly

grinned. "Just goes to show it doesn't pay to be too magnanimous."

During the twenty years I have been following dogs in Virginia and the two Carolinas, I have asked many crack quail shots the question: "What is the biggest mistake the average bird hunter makes?" With a oneness indeed surprising, they all replied: "Shooting too quickly."

Hardly one dissenting vote!

I have not the least hesitancy in saying that 75 per cent of poor quail shooting is due to just that—shooting too quickly. It looks like a fault easily correctable, but

many of us can testify to the contrary. These past masters whom I questioned were all, significantly enough, deliberate shots, some of them seemingly over-deliberate. Their comments reflect the judgment of men who have learned leisureliness. Some of the comments are especially quotable.

"Aim fast. Shoot slow," advised one old-timer. "It is never as far as it looks down your gun barrel."

"Wait until the bird quits his didoes and settles down; then let 'er fly," suggested another.

"Get your gun on the target as soon as possible, keep it there until you think he's clean out of range, then cut loose," offered still another.

"If you'll wait long enough, chances are you will get a straight-away shot after all," was the discerning comment of the finest wing-shot I ever knew.

It is a fact that, in reasonably open shooting, that dizzily careening target is pretty apt to straighten out in time—and there you are. There is one beautiful dependability about Bob: once he has cut his capers and bought his ticket, he loves a straight line. Holding your fire not only increases the probability of a decent shot, but allows your shell a chance to pattern itself effectively.

Except in snap or brush shooting, where no holds are barred, perhaps the soundest procedure is: Don't make up your mind until the bird has made up his. And don't be so intent on getting a double that you forfeit an easy single.

"Most folks shoot too fast because they think a partridge is flying faster than he is," a versatile and observing quail shot once remarked. "As a matter of fact, a partridge is not an especially fast bird."

And that is true. It is the noise rather than the speed of flight that baffles the beginner. If you don't believe that, aim at a decamping covey with an empty gun. You will be surprised at the comparative slowness with which they fly and the number of easy shots the rise offers—if your gun is empty.

"They fly so fast I can't get my gun on them," bemoaned an amiable New Englander with whom I once hunted.

"The speed of Bob White is partly an auditory illusion," I suggested. "If you don't believe that, stop your ears up before flushing a covey. Ulysses plugged the ears of his sailors so they wouldn't hear the songs of the sirens. You might try it on quail."

The suggestion had been joshingly offered, of course. But when I came in that night, my friend, who had been missing so badly that he had almost become a fatalist, met me jubilantly.

"It worked, old man. It worked!"

"What worked?" I asked innocently.

"Your recipe—plugging my ears. They don't fly half so fast when you do that. Did it on two covey rises today and got a double each time."

"Well, I'll be damned!" was the only comment I could make.

I have often thought of that estimable New Englander and his Plymouth Rock determination to learn quail shooting. And always I chuckle at the picture of a portly gentleman halting proceedings in mid-field, with all dogs on point, and summarily or-

(Continued on Page 24)



Some very excellent specimens of Bob White have been developed in the quail hatcheries maintained by the Wildlife and Fisheries department of the State of Louisiana, and several thousands like the bird above are turned out each year into game preserves.



TARPON are Smartest Sports

By MEL WASHBURN

Tarpon rodeos and deep sea fishing rodeos in Louisiana are becoming big business. Bad business, too, in some instances for game fish conservation, but in the main they are fostering sportsmanship and proving concrete examples of what destructive menaces unregulated slaughtering of fish can mean.

Three rodeos held in South Louisiana during the last two months attracted thousands of fishermen, each bent on winning plaudits for his piscatorial genius and at least one of the many valuable prizes offered for champion anglers. There is nothing wrong in fishing for a prize. The harm comes in offering prizes for quantities of game fish, and although it is certain none of the promoters of any of the rodeos are willing to see dolphin and bonito, red fish, speckled trout and cobia wilfully and heedlessly taken for the mere purpose of piling up points toward a prize winning total, there should be a change in their rodeo rules to prevent such slaughter.

In the Grand Isle rodeo alone it is safe to estimate that there were at least 2,500 fish taken solely because each fish counted for so many points, and when the fish had been counted and recorded they were unceremoniously dumped back into Bayou Rigaud to become floating bits of bad odor and nothing more.

The promoters of the Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo, Inc., outdid themselves this year

with their annual fishing carnival. With almost 1,200 persons registered as entrants in the contest, a new Ford automobile as an entrance prize, and thousands of dollars worth of merchandise prizes for winners in the various classifications, this contest was the biggest and most enthusiastically enjoyed in the history of the event.

Only six tarpon were taken during the three-day rodeo, but there were thousands of dolphin, hundreds of bonito, many cobia, small red fish, and spotted weakfish

prize winners, not in the number of fish he might land.

During the Grand Isle rodeo I saw one woman bring in a seven-inch cobia to be counted, and then nonchalantly pitch it into the bayou after it had been registered in her total. At another time I saw several huge hampers of dolphin dumped into the bayou after they had been counted before the judges. In all fairness it must be said the sponsors of the Grand Isle rodeo

(Continued on Page 10)

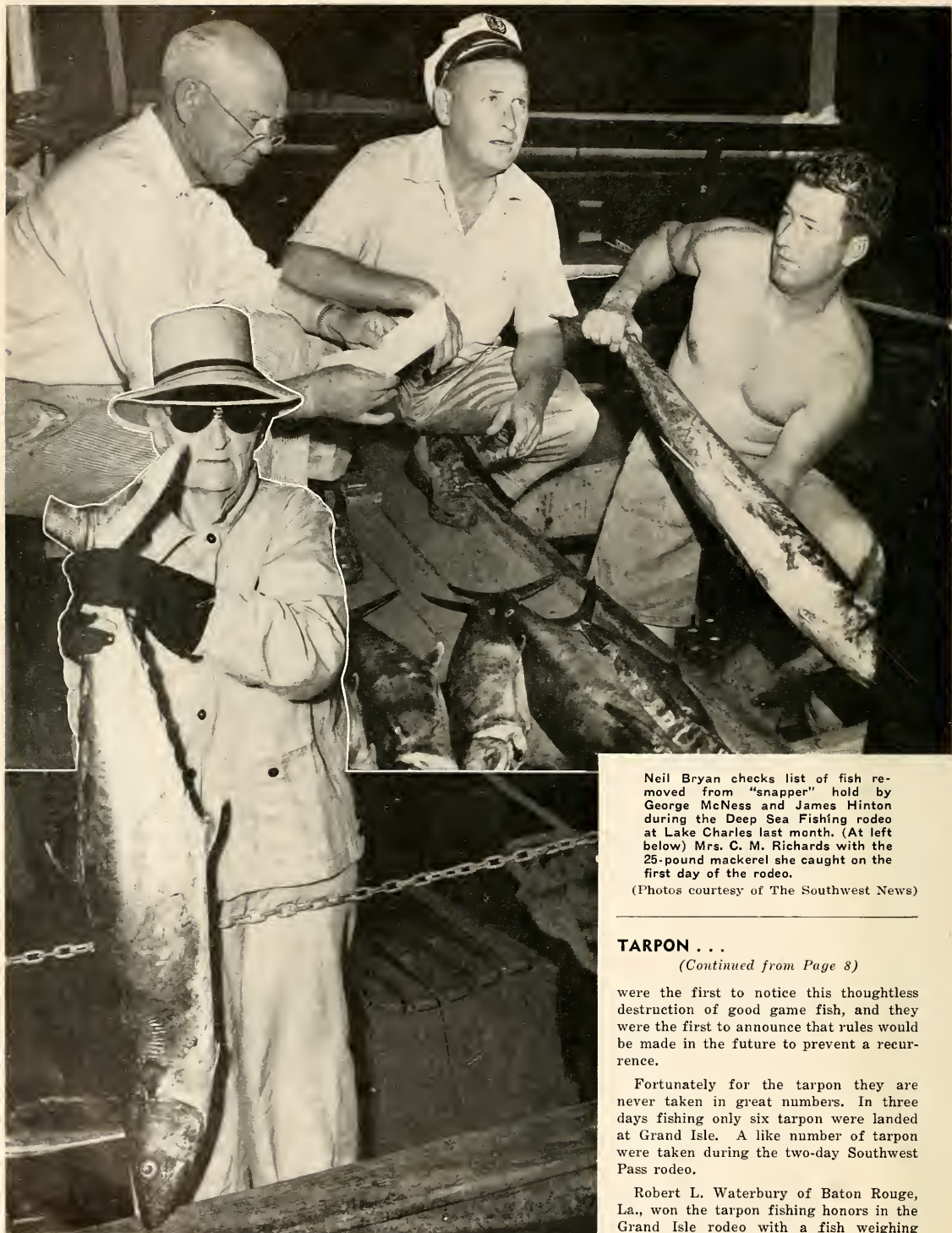


A few of the hundreds of boats, yachts and fishing craft which jammed the docks along Bayou Rigaud during the 1948 Grand Isle Tarpon rodeo.



(Above) One day's catch hanging during the Grand Isle Tarpon Rodeo. (At right) Bill Brengel, WWL sports announcer, interviews State Senator A. O. Rappaport, who brought in the first tarpon of the rodeo and won second prize in the contest. (At left below) Hugh Wilkinson, former general chairman and one of the founders of the Grand Isle Tarpon rodeo association, with Bill Brengel, Robert L. Waterbury of Baton Rouge, rodeo champion, and Urban Wilkinson (at right) this year's rodeo general chairman. (At right below) Bill Brengel and Robert Waterbury with the latter's prize winning tarpon a 140½ pounder, which won him first prize in this year's contest.





Neil Bryan checks list of fish removed from "snapper" hold by George McNess and James Hinton during the Deep Sea Fishing rodeo at Lake Charles last month. (At left below) Mrs. C. M. Richards with the 25-pound mackerel she caught on the first day of the rodeo.

(Photos courtesy of The Southwest News)

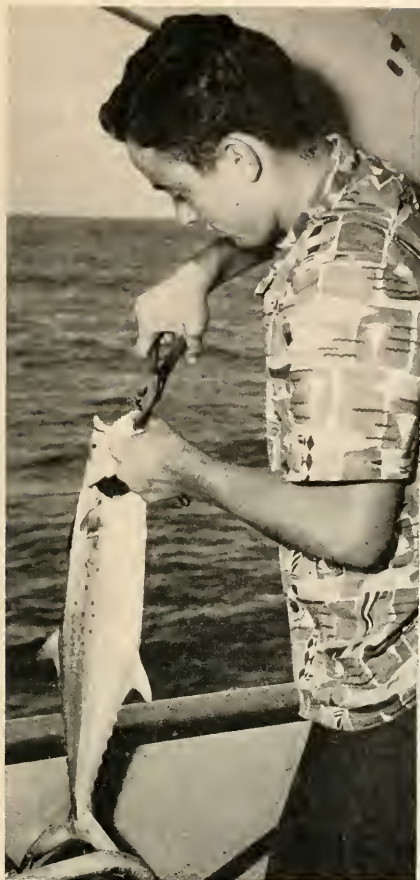
TARPON . . .

(Continued from Page 8)

were the first to notice this thoughtless destruction of good game fish, and they were the first to announce that rules would be made in the future to prevent a recurrence.

Fortunately for the tarpon they are never taken in great numbers. In three days fishing only six tarpon were landed at Grand Isle. A like number of tarpon were taken during the two-day Southwest Pass rodeo.

Robert L. Waterbury of Baton Rouge, La., won the tarpon fishing honors in the Grand Isle rodeo with a fish weighing



(Top left) O. J. Thibodeaux, Jr., removes a hook from a mackerel's mouth. (Top right) Mrs. Louis Both reeling in a dolphin. (Right below) A curious family looking at three of the tarpon brought in during the Lake Charles rodeo.

(Photos courtesy of The Southwest News)

140½ pounds, only eight pounds lighter than his captor. State Senator A. O. Rappalet, of Houma, won second honors with a tarpon weighing 109 pounds, and Louis Marcomb, of Westwego, La., was winner of third place with a 100-pounder.

The all-around fishing champion of the 1948 Grand Isle Rodeo, was Dr. Phillip A. Robichaux, of Raceland, La., with 11,275 points. His winning total was achieved through the catch of 361 dolphin, eight cobias, one triple-tail and one mackerel.

The Southwest Pass rodeo, abandoned this year by the New Orleans Item and immediately sponsored by William Zetzmann, civic leader and soft drink manufacturer of New Orleans, attracted more



(Above) Mr. William Zetzmann, sponsor of the Southwest Pass tarpon rodeo, presents the championship trophy to William R. Boehmer, captor of the largest tarpon. (Below) Mr. Zetzmann presenting the beautiful bronze scroll trophy to Mrs. John T. Upton, winner of second prize in the rodeo.

than 300 tarpon fishermen, and like the Grand Isle rodeo, only six tarpon were brought to gaff.

William R. Boehmer of New Orleans won the championship with a 70-pound tarpon, and Mrs. John Upton, of New Orleans, won second place with a 67-pounder. Another lady angler, Mrs. Gordon Clay, proved she was a better tarpon fisher than the men, by bringing in a 51-pound fish.

Few fish other than tarpon were caught during the Southwest Pass rodeo, but as this contest offered prizes for only tarpon, few fishermen tried for anything else.

Mr. Zetzmann is to be congratulated on his first venture in the rodeo field. Assisted by Henry Braud in promoting the event, and by the members of pilots' association at the pilot station, the Southwest Pass rodeo was made most enjoyable, although the weatherman was most uncooperative.

The Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo at Lake Charles was another that provided excellent

sport for the fisherman this summer, and the enthusiasm during this contest was great. Here again valuable merchandise prizes were offered the winners in the various classifications, but like the Southwest Pass rodeo, the tarpon taken were not of unusual size, and here again points were scored for the number of fish. George McNess won the championship for "outside fishing" with 890 points; C. W. Bobbertine won the "inside fishing" class with 1810 points; the special prize for boys was won by Billy Conover; and the ladies' prize by Mrs. A. W. Noland, Jr.

Each of these rodeos has grown amazingly during the last few years and each is doing more than its part in the promoting of game fishing in Louisiana. It is certain that every member of these rodeo associations is more interested in fostering the sportsmanship of these rodeos, the good fellowship, and the thrill to be derived from catching a prize fish, than in the distribution of prizes, no matter how valuable. After all, the real sportsman is the one most vitally interested in game and fish conservation, and he is the one to be depended upon to promote genuine sportsmanship among the beginners.



Thirty-Two Years Under 13 Governors

Thirty-two years of service to the state of Louisiana under 13 governors is a remarkable record, but in the life story of Armand P. Daspit it is merely incidental when compared to the work he has done, the good he has accomplished and the national recognition he has won as director of the Fur and Refuge division of the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries.

Born and reared on the rim of the marshes near Houma in Terrebonne parish, Mr. Daspit has always had a love for the marsh lands, although he was born into one of Louisiana's prominent sugar families, and was himself educated as a sugar chemist. With a sly chuckle he'll tell you his 32 years with the department of conservation began under his own protest, and if he had continued as a sugar expert and buyer, the avocation he followed for ten years after he graduated from Louisiana State University, he would probably have made a million dollars. Instead he has made millions for Louisiana.

Mr. Daspit is one of the three remaining members of the LSU football team of 1896, and he won athletic as well as scholastic honors, graduating in 1899 with the degree of bachelor of science.

When Ruffin G. Pleasant became governor of Louisiana (he was a schoolmate of Mr. Daspit's) he insisted that Mr. Daspit accept a position in the then Department of Conservation. Since that time he has been a determined and tireless worker for conservation of the state's natural resources. During his incumbency with the Department of Conservation he originated and directed the affairs of what is now called the division of fur and refuge.

When he took charge of Louisiana's fur business twenty-five years ago it was practically an unknown industry, and by having the proper conservation laws enacted, and close supervision of the fur industry, it reached its peak with the 1945-1946 crop of \$15,000,000.

About twenty years ago he also took charge of removing the fur predators from the State's game preserves, which were then leased to private lessors for the sum of \$10,000 per year. The revenues from these furs reached its peak in 1947-1948 netting \$381,638.45.

Mr. Daspit's work along Louisiana's three million acres of marsh land has been widely proclaimed by both the former Conservation Commissioners and the Federal



ARMAND P. DASPIT

Government. Commissioner W. H. Hodges, Jr. on retiring from the Department of Conservation wrote Mr. Daspit a most complimentary letter, closing with the following sentence: "I regard your intimate knowledge of the workings of the Conservation Department one of its most valuable assets, and I hope the powers that be will have the vision to appreciate it".

He is also in receipt of a letter from Dr. Frank G. Ashbrook, in charge of Wild Fur Animal Investigations, Division of Wildlife Research of the United States Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service, who made a thorough and comprehensive study of Mr. Daspit's work he said:

"The system that you and your associates have developed through the years and the one in force now to manage fur animals on state lands, which includes habitat development, trapping, handling and selling furs is, in my opinion, the best system that has been developed to date. This has been accomplished largely through your efforts and your years of experience in this field. I am sure that the state officials in your Department and the trappers and fur buyers in the state are well satisfied with the manner in which the fur resources in Louisiana are handled.

"I am preparing a complete and detailed report of the methods employed in Louisiana in managing the production of fur

animals on state refuges. It shall be my purpose to encourage the Service to adopt certain methods from your system so that we can benefit from your experience."

Through the years Mr. Daspit has worked steadily for better legislation for his department, and although he admits he hasn't accomplished yet all that he has hoped for, each year sees the fur and refuge division nearer the goal he has set for it.

And all this has been accomplished despite the changing political scene in Louisiana, despite trappers wars, embattled conservation commissioners, and predatory individuals who have caused him more sleepless hours than all the predators that at one time infested the fur bearing lands of this state.

Today he holds the respect of the state's more than 15,000 trappers; he has worked wonders in improving their living and working conditions; he has made the fur industry in Louisiana a more than \$15,000,000 annual revenue; and he is undoubtedly the best informed individual on the life and habits of the state's fur bearing animals. But he still likes to tell of the million dollar deals he handled as a sugar expert.

Primarily directed to the retail hardware and sporting goods salesman but equally interesting to the sportsman, the Remington Arms Company has issued a new pamphlet which is available to all who request it.

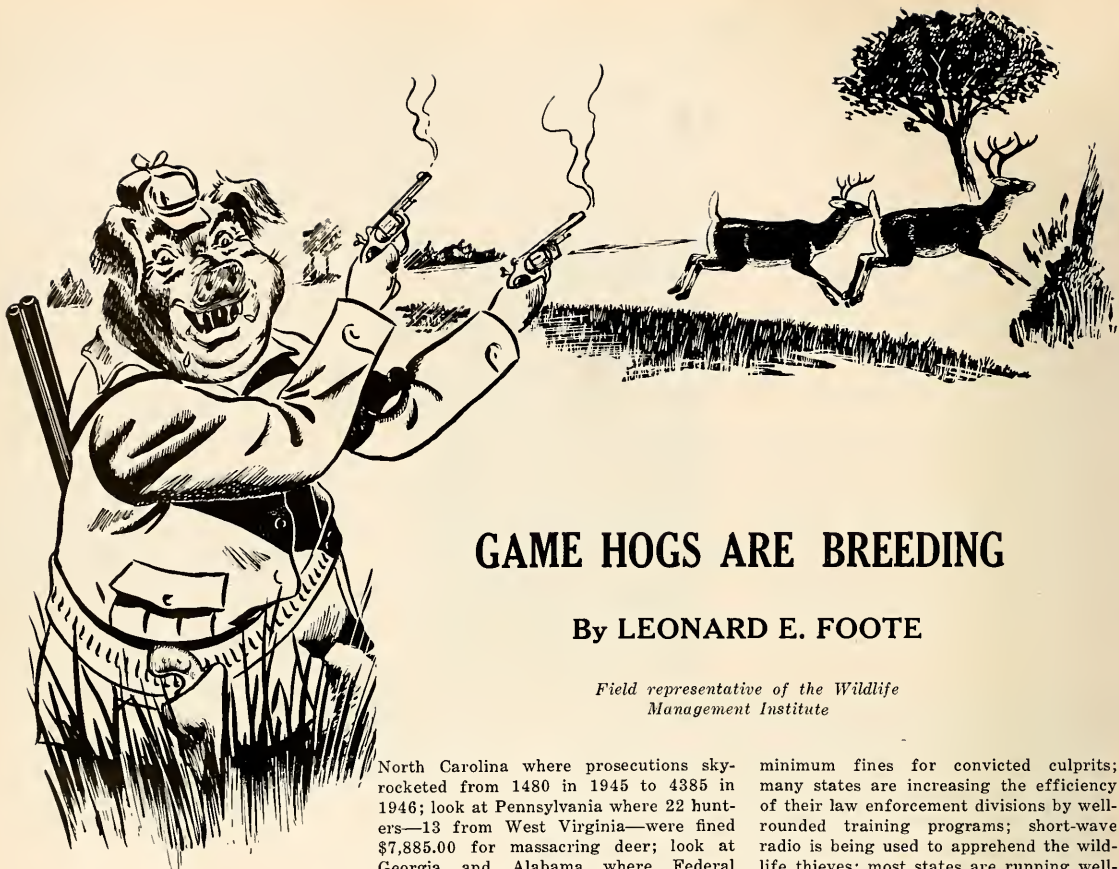
The self-explanatory title is "Things About Shotguns Every Salesman Should Know" and the 12 pages are crammed with interesting information relative to the shotgun, its manufacture, nomenclature, care and use. Included also are short discussions of patterns, recoil, barrel lengths and other subjects of kindred nature, as well as a table of the flight speeds of game birds.

Free copies may be obtained by writing J. J. Calahan, manager, trade sales promotion division, Remington Arms Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Carelessly thrown cigarette butts cause 25.5¢ of all the forest fires in America, of which there are 169,356 in an average year.

Some 62¢ of all of the oil produced in the world comes from the United States.

Over \$40,000,000 was spent for fishing tackle in 1947.



GAME HOGS ARE BREEDING

By LEONARD E. FOOTE

Field representative of the Wildlife Management Institute

North Carolina where prosecutions skyrocketed from 1480 in 1945 to 4385 in 1946; look at Pennsylvania where 22 hunters—13 from West Virginia—were fined \$7,885.00 for massacring deer; look at Georgia and Alabama where Federal wardens were powerless to stop the widespread baiting and early shooting of mourning doves. No wildlife species is safe, none is on the protected list of this group of game hogs. And some of the stuff they shoot isn't even game, but songbirds, state refuge signs, or some other sportsman's back.

Utah's arrests for violations of the fish and game laws were nearly six times as great as in 1942; New Jersey's arrests increased 60 per cent over 1945; Colorado had twice as many violators; Missouri 50 per cent more; West Virginia convicted twice as many as in 1945; Texas had a 50 per cent increase, and all other states reported at least a slight to moderate increase in lawlessness, according to a poll conducted by OUTDOOR LIFE magazine.

Conservationists throughout the nation are pondering the game hog's increase, and wildlife administrators everywhere are acting to halt the trend. Vermont has increased its state wardens from 14 to 28 by removing legislative restrictions; Louisiana as well as many other states, is utilizing airplane patrols; several states have hiked

minimum fines for convicted culprits; many states are increasing the efficiency of their law enforcement divisions by well-rounded training programs; short-wave radio is being used to apprehend the wildlife thieves; most states are running well-conducted educational and publicity campaigns in an effort to reduce lawlessness. In the main these efforts are succeeding in bringing more violators to the bar of justice, but the appalling part of the situation is that, as hunters increase, violations increase at a far faster rate. There are not enough wardens to watch all the incoming hunters hunting waterfowl on opening day in some states, let alone the habitual and hardened offenders.

Ever walk into a set-gun? Its double barreled death devised by some habitual offender who likes the small change he gets out of selling venison on the too open market. Of all the nefarious devices to kill "game," the set-gun is the most deadly. To a sawhorse or a convenient log is fastened a double barreled shotgun in such a manner that its line of fire rakes a deer trail. A wire or string is set across the trail and tied to the trigger of the piece. Wardens in New Jersey and New Hampshire haven't found one yet that wasn't loaded.

Ever see what a deer snare will do to a dog or a man? It's peaceful hanging way up there by your heels until you slip into

FROM Maine to Louisiana, from Texas to Seattle, the game hogs have been breeding. State after state reports the trend. Wildlife violators have been appearing in state and federal courts at an unprecedented, increasing rate since the end of the war. The trend is nation-wide. Hunting license sales have jumped to a new high of over 10,000,000, a nearly two-fold increase over 1941. But the increase in poor sportsmanship, of the clan of "shoot first—look afters," of the hunters without permission, jackers, spotlights, illegal seiners, burrow and den trappers, snarers and set-gun artists is appalling. Some of the violations are the work of well-organized rings, jacking for sale to the meat-hungry and moneyed public. But most of the indiscretions are committed by your neighbor and mine, right in our back yard. One hen pheasant, a single short trout, one bass too many, is the way hardened violators begin.

Look at Maine, where 18 men were killed while deer hunting last year; look at

oblivion. The snare is the habitual offender's lazy way of taking vension for market.

Ever seen a hunter who has been shot in the back? Take a good look; you may be next. Take a good look at that neighbor of yours who has a reputation for an itchy trigger finger. Take a good look, too, and be sure the thing has horns, hair and hoofs before you let drive; it might be that nice boy across the street, who is engaged to your daughter, or the kid who comes over and helps you rake the lawn on Saturday.

Aside from manslaughter, the habitual, ignorant or petty wildlife violator is also raising Cain with our wildlife supply. For example, look at the results from a Massachusetts pheasant study. Rigid control of illegal hen shooting during the open season saved 40 per cent more of the golden eggers to produce a larger crop for the hunter the following year. What about the areas that did not have such stringent control? You know the answer to that one. Nose-dive the pheasant.

Or take a trip with a wildlife expert, and see what preseason shooting does to newborn fox squirrels squealing in their den tree. Just four more you won't have a crack at this season. Or stop in at a wildlife refuge, where ducks are being banded and look at the lead shot some of those ducks are carrying around. They won't last long, lead is highly poisonous to the inside of a mallard.

Not only has there been an alarming rise in hunting and fishing violations but these same "sportsmen" may even break a civil law or two in their desire to come home with the bacon. Four deer were hijacked from a moving commercial carrier by several teen-agers in Vermont, and a Racine, Wisconsin, man stole a deer, lugged it home and was having the head mounted for a trophy when he was arrested.

The 1947 hunter neglected the commonest of safety precautions and many deaths resulted from these petty violations. Most of the states make it illegal to carry firearms in a car unless unloaded and either incapable of firing or lodged in a carrying case. This law is a safety measure pure and simple, yet in Wisconsin, officers arrested 239 hunters in November because they failed to abide by this precaution. Many guns were found loaded and COCKED in the cars checked. This is a deplorable situation and indicates how dangerous the current upsurge in wildlife violations really is.

Many "game gunmen" have little or no respect for private property, nor are they courteous to the landowner on whose farm they are hunting. The vast increase—nation-wide—in posted lands and posted waters is mute evidence of the reaction to the attitude of the game gunman. Fences are out, livestock shot, chickens stolen,

orchards and crops are raided, and farmers have been ordered off their own lands at some game hog's gunpoint. Is it any wonder that wildlife conservationists are facing increasingly difficult farmer-sportsmen relationships? It is any wonder that the farmer sees little incentive in adopting habitat improvements that will increase the wildlife on his land?

Since 1941 hunters have increased so fast that if each licensed hunter were to take illegally one pheasant, the kill would almost equal the estimated total South Dakota pheasant kill of 1943, the year of maximum pheasant abundance. What makes the situation most alarming to conservationists, however, is the year around pressure placed upon wildlife. While the fines are staggering in aggregate they represent much less than the value of the game taken. Thus although \$44,238.50 in fines were assessed New York violators in 1959 cases in 1946, the game taken probably could not have been replaced for several hundred thousand dollars.

You are the one these game gunmen rob when a quail is shot out of season; your sport is jeopardized when the game hog cuts the farmer's fence, your heritage is lost when you fail to report a game code violation. Without the backing of at least 90 per cent of the real sportsmen a game law is unenforceable. If you want your sport to continue, assist in combating the game violator at every turn along his nefarious trail. Without your continued action your wildlife resources are doomed to annihilation for selfish purposes. So put a plug in the game hog hatchery in your bailiwick and save your wildlife while there's still enough left to save. The situation cannot safely continue. Americans will lose too much and the game hogs gain too little.

City Bred Quail Crop

The Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has adopted a new wrinkle in quail restocking. At its July 19 meeting the agency set up a statewide plan for trapping wild quail in cities, small towns and citrus groves and transferring them to shot-areas areas over the state.

Commission biologists estimate up to 100,000 birds may be trapped in spots where hunting is now impossible. Trapping will be under the supervision of commission biologists. Under the plan landowners will be paid fifty cents per bird.

In previous years quail for restocking purposes have been imported from Mexico. This source was cancelled last year when the southern republic clamped an embargo on bobwhites.

Earlier the commission approved a two-year statewide quail survey, to be carried out under the federal-aid wildlife restoration program. Director Ben C. Morgan said the survey would determine the course of action needed to restore Florida's diminishing quail population.

Officers of the Beauregard Wildlife Conservation club were elected recently at a meeting held in the courthouse in DeRidder. Named president of the organization was W. H. Yawn of DeRidder.

Other officers elected were R. A. Scafi, vice-president, and Raymond Yeatman, secretary-treasurer.



Give a Little Shrimp a Chance

By James N. Gowanloch

Chief Biologist

Louisiana Department of Wild Life
and Fisheries

The foresight and prompt action of Commissioner Ernest S. Clements of the Wild Life and Fisheries Division of the Conservation Department of Louisiana, in closing the waters of Lake Borgne and Lake Robin to shrimp trawlers the day after the open season of shrimp harvesting began, excited much comment, particularly among the commercial shrimp fishermen, and a great amount of speculation as to the value of such an action.

What the additional weeks of closed season in these waters meant to the commercial shrimpers is apparent when the rapid growth of shrimp at this stage is considered.

least known of all our marine resources. Where shrimp bred, how far they travelled, how fast they grew, how long they lived—all these were questions to which we had no clear answers. It was therefore imperative administration and conservation of shrimp

that these answers be secured if proper could be accomplished.

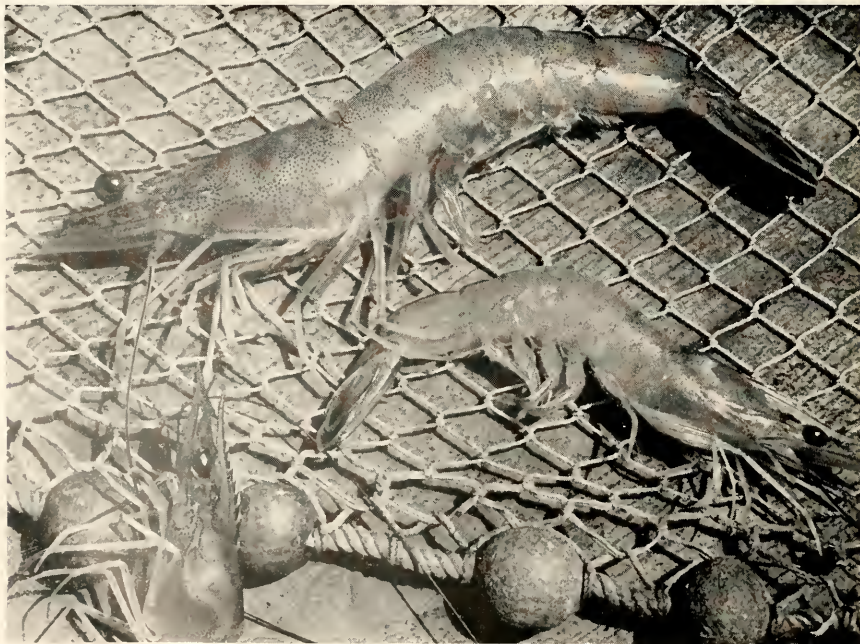
Much fine work had been done on shrimp by individuals but the pattern, as a whole, which alone could tell the life history of the shrimp remained completely vague.

Particularly was it imperative that this information be ascertained because the industry at that time was undergoing a rapid and revolutionary change. Long haul seines were being replaced with small motor boats dragging shrimp trawls. The increase in power and number of trawl boats resulted in heavier fishing pressure and, as more and more seaworthy vessels were utilized, the expansion of the shrimp fishery spread steadily into wider seaward areas. Also, sweeping in effect upon the character and conduct of the shrimp fishery was the increasing efficiency of refrigeration methods (by 1943, about 46 per cent of the total shrimp catch in the United States and Alaska were sold in the fresh state) so that the product, either iced or fast frozen, could be delivered as a greatly more valuable commodity to distant markets instead of being, as in the early days of the industry, largely simply processed by being boiled and dried at the drying platforms or sold fresh in local markets.

The impact of the war brought additional changes. Hundreds of thousands of

ALTHOUGH shrimp are familiar to all of us in Louisiana few Louisianians, except those immediately concerned with the industry itself, realize how important is the shrimp fishery. Not only is shrimp fishing by far the biggest commercial fishery of the south but it is one of the greatest fisheries of the United States and Alaska, and one of the great fisheries of the whole world. This perspective is not often realized by the Louisianian, who, at the French Market or elsewhere, buys a few pounds of shrimp for gumbo. As a matter of fact in the last pre-war figures the shrimp fishery ranked among all the listed fifty odd commercial fisheries of the United States and Alaska, sixth in volume and fourth in value, and of this vast resource Louisiana harvested over 75 per cent. Roughly, stated, the 1943 figures reveal that 150,000,000 pounds of shrimp worth \$15,000,000 were caught in the United States of which about 110,000,000 pounds came from our own Louisiana waters.

When in 1931, under the administration of Governor Huey P. Long, the Department of Conservation of the State of Louisiana entered into a co-operative research with the Federal Government (the writer had charge for the State of Louisiana of the State scientific participation in these investigations) on shrimp, shrimp were the



young Americans in military training in Louisiana first met with and never forgot Louisiana shrimp. The demand for shrimp constantly expanded. Through various factors the price steadily rose beyond the prices of twenty years ago. Fishing effort increased. Twenty-four hundred shrimp boats in Louisiana in 1940 became 3,030 in 1947. Power increased, changing in many vessels from gasoline to diesel. Ship size increased ranging from 45 feet to 60 feet or more. Investment increased involving shrimp vessel equipment exceeding in value 30 million three hundred thousand dollars in Louisiana operations alone. All this effort was directed to harvest a shrimp crop that as far as we know is biologically stabilized. It was simply a case of one bowl full of cherries with many more spoons.

It is now necessary briefly to outline shrimp life history to understand shrimp conservation.

Although twenty years ago many fishermen would quickly tell you that shrimp lived to be fifteen or more years old we now know that the normal life of our shrimp is only one year. At best, whereas, for example, the fifty pound buffalo fish (one of our fresh water species) takes twelve years (and this is surprisingly fast) to attain its "Jumbo", fifty pound size, the shrimp takes only twelve months to become a "Jumbo" shrimp.

It is not necessary here to go into the details of the four species of sea shrimp that enter into our commercial fishery since one of these, the common sea shrimp (also called locally Lake Shrimp and White Shrimp) is the important one and contributes probably 90 per cent of the usual entire catch, so therefore the life story here as given is that of the common sea shrimp.

Sea shrimp breed almost entirely off shore. They do not carry their eggs, which, when laid, are only one one-hundredth of an inch in diameter and as transparent as glass. A single female can produce as many as 800 thousand eggs. Hatching after some fifteen hours, the eggs undergo complex development passing through some dozen successive larval stages until they attain the general form of their parents although at this time they are only about 1/12 of one inch long. It must be emphasized that although these eggs drift helplessly in the sea and are eaten by innumerable shrimp enemies yet it is clear that only in the "nursery grounds", that is, shallow inland bays, brackish lakes and bayous, do the young grow up.

Shrimp spawn over a remarkably long period of the year, roughly, from mid February to mid September. This is fortunate since it means greatly increased probability of successful reproduction. No short period of damaging weather could possibly impair the entire year's crop. The young shrimp, to survive, must drift inshore.

These young shrimp grow rapidly in their nursery grounds settling to the bottom

where they feed and begin gradually to move out into the larger bays and finally into the Gulf. They then move still further seaward to spawn and die. Few appear to survive beyond 12 months of life.

Shrimp therefore it can readily be understood do not require, at present at least, a closed season to protect the brood stock since breeding evidently occurs as already indicated over eight months of the twelve. The purpose of the closed season is therefore not to protect the breeding of the species but to protect the growing young so that the shrimp crop can be harvested at its highest practical commercial productivity. The winter closed season protects the young shrimp still remaining in the nursery grounds (the larger individuals have mostly migrated seaward). These young shrimp at this time grow slowly because the inshore waters are cold. The summer closed season protects the vast population of young shrimp developing in the nursery grounds at the very period of time when their growth (because of the high water temperatures) is most rapid. During these months shrimp may grow as much as an inch and two-fifths in length in 30 days. It is obvious that if taken at this time this huge number of young shrimp would be inferior in quality because of size whereas protection for a matter of a few weeks will permit them to attain commercially greater and more valuable "count" with at the same time an enormously increased volume. When it is remembered that count and large size means high value and high count and small size means low value and low count, and when it is further observed that this scale rises very rapidly, the reader can then realize how valuable it is to permit the shrimp crop to grow up before it is harvested.

Some count size relationships may be of interest. Our present lake shrimp legal size limit is 68 per pound. Based upon the

plotting of the careful measurement of 6,120 shrimp (both sexes) the federal shrimp investigators calculate the growth per count per pound as follows: Shrimp about 2 1/2 inches in length give a count of 150 to the pound; 3 inches in length 120 to the pound; 3 1/2 inches in length 90 to the pound; 4 inches in length 64 to the pound; 4 1/2 inches in length 40 to the pound; 5 1/2 inches in length 25 to the pound; 7 inches in length 12 to the pound; 7 1/2 inches in length 8 to the pound. These measurements are all made in a straight line from the "head spine" (rostral spine) to the center tail spine (telson).

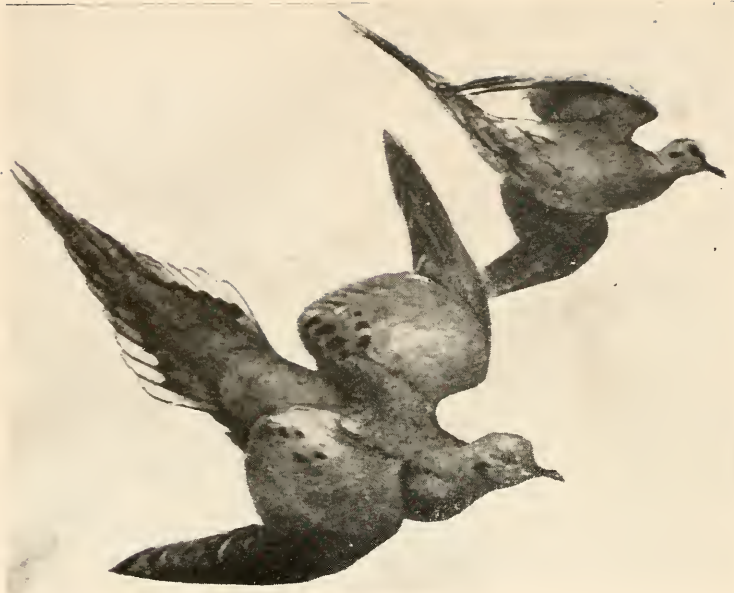
An additional complication is the familiar fact that years may widely vary in temperature with corresponding variation in speed of growth. Shrimp do not necessarily grow by the calendar and the correct time at which the harvesting of the crop should be begun can best be determined by the direct examination of the shrimp themselves since otherwise a summer volume of a cheaper commodity will be produced which shrimp protected for even a few weeks longer become a much greater volume of a much more valuable commodity.

One further point of confusion is constantly brought to the writer's attention and this is the erroneous belief on the part of the fishermen that the innumerable very small shrimp that they find clinging to their nets are young commercial shrimp. This is not true. These tiny shrimp are not young shrimp but are actually adult shrimp of another species, (the technical name is *Acetes*), which species unlike our commercial shrimp carry their eggs attached to their bodies. Indeed the writer has frequently succeeded in convincing the fisherman of this fact only by taking these fishermen into the laboratory and showing them under microscope these minute adult shrimp in whose attached and already

(Continued on Page 21)



Urban Wilkinson, (left) A. Miles Coe and Arthur Van Pelt, (Right) adding up the point totals during the first day's fishing during the Grand Isle tarpon rodeo.



OUR FORGOTTEN GAME BIRDS

By Byron W. Dalrymple

(Reprinted from September, 1948, issue of "FIELD AND STREAM")

"And it came to pass . . . that Noah opened the window of the ark . . . and he sent forth a dove . . . and the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf."

Anyone who doesn't know from what book that passage is quoted should be ashamed to admit it. But anyone can be forgiven for failing to perceive immediately what relationship it bears to wing-shooting.

It is, you see, an enigma of our modern sporting scene that doves and pigeons, historically famous, utilized for centuries the world around for food and sport, should still be our most controversial feathered game. And I'm of the opinion that old Noah was basically responsible for the dove dissension which has trickled down through sporting history and still exists today.

The reasons, to my mind, are simple enough. Pet pigeons, the half-tame descendants of the rock pigeon which throng our city streets, racing pigeons and carrier pigeons have all appealed to the sympathetic side of human nature. But, more important, though the dove of peace and the clay pigeon of the skeet field both stemmed from a common ancestor, live-pigeon shoots and the scandalous slaughter of the passenger pigeon split dove lovers into two distinct camps. The influence of Bible stories and the sad-toned call of summertame wild doves have always kept both gunners and non-gunners uneasy. The bird bearing the olive branch and the one

dodging a scattergun pattern, each admired by a different faction for widely divergent reasons, grew up, so to speak, on opposite sides of the tracks.

But the matter doesn't end there. Considering the gunning faction only, one finds all manner of confusion and opinion. Several aspects of this strange dove dilemma are so peculiar that no sportsman with an eye to the future can afford to be ignorant of them.

First, and most unique, notwithstanding the huge potential interest in dove species, habits, history and perennial argument, these beautiful and streamlined whistling speedsters top the list of conservation's forgotten game birds. Yet—now hang on to your old huntin' hats, boys—judged by numbers annually killed, and remembering that daily bag limits are comparable to other game-bird species, our most abundant and widely distributed individual, the mourning dove, is the third most popular game bird in the U. S. today!

A great many gunners are convinced that we have forgotten our doves, taken them for granted, unfairly compared them to other game birds, given them too little both of respect and assistance, for far too long. The future of upland gunning—if we are to have any—is going to demand some new attitudes, philosophies and ideas. The dove enigma is an excellent place to begin.

Granted, that enigma doesn't seem to make sense. But perhaps we can work out a few logical answers by having a look at facts and figures, at the oddly varied

attitudes of sportsmen toward doves and dove shooting, and at what they have to offer the unbiased sportsman:

The mourning dove is the only U. S. upland game bird which breeds in every state in the Union. More states—usually twenty-six—have open seasons on doves than on any other upland game bird. Upward of 15 million mourning doves alone are killed each fall. Only the pheasant and the bobwhite top that gross. How many additional millions are illegally killed in certain deep-south states, where many shooters are brazen beyond belief in their unlawful baited-field butchery is anybody's guess.

What of the attitude of sportsmen toward the doves? Here, indeed is a study in confusion. Look through the sporting magazines or books on gunning and you will find the writers taking but two general slants: one camp makes apologies for including doves among worth-while feathered targets; the other, assuming that the reader will be looking down his nose at the doves, tries to sell him on them as game birds.

Go south, and you find every gunner taking doves for granted as standard game birds. Go north, and you'll see many well-blooded wing-shots draw back in horror and contempt at your enthusiastic tales of down-south dove shooting. Particularly in New England, you may have to explain long and patiently that their little migratory song birds, which sits tamely in the orchard all summer, changes his character along with his address come



A family of the Louisiana mourning doves, showing the female on the left, the young in the center and the male on the right. These are the birds, which, like the carrier pigeon which they greatly resemble, may become extinct if something is not done to aid them.

fall, and that he actually is extensively hunted.

That's only the beginning. Many non-gunning Southerners are ready to pray for your salvation when you admit participation in a dove shoot. Mark their words, for every dove you kill, a drop of blood will appear on your gun barrel! In the Dakotas and Nebraska, where gunners watch thousands of doves flock over their summer fields, you'll be told heatedly: "We raise 'em, and the Southern sportsmen shoot 'em. We never have open season, and it's damned unfair!"

The passenger pigeon was, of course our greatest game pigeon—large, delicious, beautiful, a fine flyer, awesomely abundant. But *finis* was written to his history long before many present-day gunners were born. Yet we still have three excellent and legal game doves that have held their own against great odds, and we may be thankful that none of them is so specifically gregarious as was their now-extinct relative. Their more or less solitary nesting habits have greatly assisted them in escaping the fate accorded him. These game doves are the mourning dove, known to everyone, the whitewing, and the band-tailed pigeon.

The whitewing really belongs to Mexico, but crosses our Arizona and Texas borders in great numbers each year. Perched, he looks much like the mourning dove, but in flight a conspicuous white band shows

laterally across his wings. He is a bird of hot, dry regions, somewhat larger than the mourning dove. He feeds largely on such desert tidbits as cactus fruit, and his meat, not as dark as that of the mourning dove, is much better eating.

To the gunner, the whitewing is a puzzle. He appears to fly much more slowly than the mourning dove, and at times will even set his wings and soar, a habit unknown in the other species. Yet without doubt both doves travel with equal speed, as many a mourn-dove hunter finds out when he first takes his time throwing down on a whitewing.

Both the mourning dove and the whitewing are quite similar in nesting habits. They build a makeshift nest, begin laying early, two eggs only, and each pair may nest as many as five or six times a season. I have seen nests of both these species with eggs in them when the season opened in early fall.

The band-tailed pigeon is quite a different kind of bird. He's large, as much as 17 inches from bill to end of tail, a resident of the western mountains and valleys, from British Columbia south to the Mexican border, and has often been mistaken for the passenger pigeon. However, a look at his tail, which is square with a cross band of black near its end, identifies him instantly. His head is iridescent green with a white band at the neck. Light bluish

gray and slate on the back and underparts, with rose to pink on the breast, make of him a beautiful game bird to behold.

The bandtail is fond of berries and grain, and is reminiscent of the passenger pigeon in his habit of banding into great flocks come fall. Undoubtedly lack or abundance of food provides a part of this flocking urge, and causes the birds to wander far and wide during migration in search of adequate feeding grounds.

Now let's look at the habits and attributes of these three birds through a gunner's eyes. For this purpose, all of them, I believe, may be considered as one. Each species gathers into considerable concentrations, and becomes extremely wary during migration and throughout the winter season. Each has exceptionally keen eyesight.

The necessity of water-holes and feeding grounds to the doves makes locating them a comparatively simple matter. Each species is exceedingly swift and is powerful of wing, and no one of them flies a straight course. That is, the flight of doves is a rolling, twisting affair. Each species presents a small, unsteady target, difficult to lead properly.

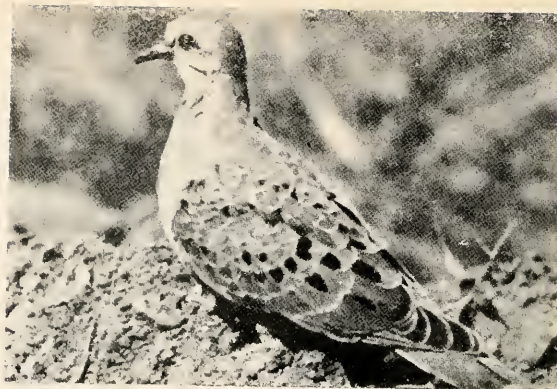
One fact many hunters chalk up against the doves is that dogs are out with them, except as retrievers. Well, the same is true of waterfowl shooting. In fact, dove shooting and waterfowling may be compared in many ways. Personally, I am willing to get

my neck 'way out by claiming certain attributes for the doves that the waterfowl lack. You sit in a blind at the edge of a feeding field or water-hole in the South, and as the doves swing in and start to alight you knock 'em over. You sit in a duck blind, watch a flock come down to your decoys, leap up and blast away.

There are only two differences here, both on the side of better sport with doves: ducks fly a perfectly straight course, and they're large. Regardless of opinion to the contrary, anybody who is unable to hit a spread-winged, near-motionless decoying duck, at the usual range, should give up. The same is true of doves, of course, except less so in direct proportion to their smaller size. We all know, of course, that the real sport is in the waiting, the excitement of watching the birds circle, wondering if they'll come in. The actual shooting is merely the climax.

Pass-shooting, of course, is quite a different matter. Here the really discriminating sportsman, in search of sport first and meat second, finds the real shooting both with ducks and doves. In parts of the South, of course, there is little use in advocating pass-shooting for doves. A certain percentage of Southern gunners, though they bring home the bacon sure enough, are not to be classed among sportsmen. They continually bait fields, a completely illegal practice, and butcher doves by the thousands, in season and out.

Ordinarily there are but the two methods of dove shooting—the waterhole or feeding field blind, and the pass-shooting which is possible by taking a stand along the routes the flocks follow daily to and from roosts, food and water. Either method is legal, but the pass-shooting method far excels in sport. At odd times, when the weather is bad, it is possible, too, to get some pretty fair jump-shooting on doves by locating a feeding field or a brushy roosting place and walking 'em up.



A young dove ready to take wing in its fight for existence.

Often, on such blustery, drizzly days, they'll sit tight as grouse.

Considering those various points, I cannot see how any gunner could possibly lack respect for the dove as a game bird. He is abundant over a very wide range. He is exceedingly swift and erratic of wing. He is a small target and a wary one. In addition, he makes delicious eating. What more could one ask of a bird?

We pour money into other game birds, fret and worry about their ups and downs, and continue to forget the doves, except to kill off fifteen millions each fall. It seems to me an unquestionably logical conclusion that birds taken annually in such numbers, birds which have done so well for so long almost unassisted, are perhaps more valuable resources than our other more highly touted game species. Gentlemen, it could happen these days, with hunting pressures up and bird populations down in many areas, that the dove would be with us long after the others are gone.

Consensus of opinion is already lamenting the passing of the prairie chicken and the sharp-tail. History tells us what happened to the upland plover, the shore birds, etc., and it may very conceivably be that we are right now witnessing the decline of the ducks past all hope of continuous annual open season. Maybe the ruffed grouse will hold out against civilization forever. And again, maybe he won't.

Just how can we help the doves? Certainly I don't have the medicine for that, either, not in the bottle, at any rate. A migratory bird such as the dove is a tough proposition to handle and to help. He doesn't stay put, can't be stocked in any practical manner, nor turned out in a "factory," like waterfowl, for the simple reason that his nestings are not concentrated. That is, he doesn't depend, for example, on marshy regions, which in the case of the ducks can be constructed.

I believe it would be helpful to outlaw shooting within a certain distance of waterholes. The same for feeding grounds would be an excellent idea, but difficult to administer. At any rate, if emphasis could be placed on pass-shooting, the result would be not only more sport but a lot less temptation toward butchery. In addition, perhaps opening seasons later in certain states might assure that no nesting birds be disturbed.

One place where we all can help is in publicizing the scandalous facts of illegal dove slaughter in the Southern States. True, not all Southern gunners are to blame. But here's one way to look at that. In my home state a lot of doves nest and fly South. We don't have an open season. I don't object to raising doves for Southern sportsmen. I get my dove shooting down South occasionally, too. But the states which raise 'em, and go seasonless, must insist that the real sportsmen in the South begin to ride herd on the law-breakers.



A dove on the nest.

SHRIMP . . .

(Continued from Page 17)

developed eggs appear the curled up forms of the young big-eyed shrimp ready to hatch. As a matter of fact these small adult shrimp are of no commercial significance whatever and play no part in the economics of the shrimp industry.

The problem of whether or not our shrimp population is actually decreasing is, the writer knows, hotly controversial. There appears, in spite of popular opinion to the contrary, to be no clear evidence that total shrimp production is decreasing to any important degree. That it may decrease is certainly a possibility particularly if the nursery grounds are changed through pollution, interference with drainage (since excess of fresh water into the nursery areas is undoubtedly of highest importance) and other factors, but as of now it is the writer's belief that the shrimp population is on the whole biologically stabilized and the reduction in individual boat catch can in very large part be explained that by the increase in fishing effort. He is certain that a most careful watch for indications of actual decline of shrimp must be maintained. For should such a decline set in, the immediate, wise enforcement of additional protection could well save the shrimp industry from damage and even disaster.

There seems no clear probability of the discovery of further large shrimp supplies in any of our own waters here discussed so that again there arises to prime importance the effective management of the shrimp fishery so that the shrimp we have are protected until they have attained the best practical marketable stage. This again represents the balance between the shrimp that die in the population and thus decrease the volume as against the increasing volume of the surviving and growing individuals. Most important of all, it cannot be too often restated, is the protection of shrimp in their nursery grounds since as far as we now know it is in the nursery grounds and in the nursery grounds alone that the shrimp can grow up.

It has long been the opinion of the writer that although the closing of inshore waters to shrimp trawling and to the operation of certain other types of commercial nets may work hardship on many fishermen it would nevertheless be of the highest possible benefit by and large to fishermen and industry as a whole. These inshore waters must be remembered are nursery grounds not alone for shrimp and crabs but also for many of our finest game and commercial marine fish. Trawling, it is true, does not catch these minute young stages, but it does inevitably alter the character of the bottom growth in such nursery areas with subsequent disturbance and damage.

Everyone commercially concerned with the shrimp fishery well knows that the conduct of the industry itself is fraught with

divers and sometimes highly conflicting interests. Drying platforms have as their base raw material a size of shrimp undesirable for canning and for the frozen shrimp industry. No one person and no one group should sacrifice general good for immediate personal or sectional gains.

The conservation of the shrimp industry of Louisiana depends upon sound management with long range benefits rather than immediate returns as the objective.

The planning, the discussion and the enactment of shrimp legislation vividly reveals how needful is such a long range sound perspective. The present law now enacted at the last legislative session is from a biological point of view the soundest shrimp legislation that has ever been put into effect in Louisiana and could well serve as a model of administration of the industry in our sister states.

"King, By Gar!"

The "Garfish King of 1948" in Charley Gremillion of Alexandria, Louisiana.

Charley hauled in a gar weighing no less than one hundred and 50 pounds at the annual Garfish Rodeo on Little River near Alexandria, on Sunday, August 15.

None of the other Izack Waltons could even approach Charley's big haul. Altogether, more than one hundred gars were caught.

...and please make
people careful, amen



**Remember - Only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES!**

Time For Resources Inventory

By Fairfield Osborn

*President, New York Zoological Society
President, Conservation Foundation
Author, "Our Plundered Planet"*

SUPPOSE your radio blared forth today the news that a great new continent has been discovered—billions of acres of unspoiled land, rich in forests, grasslands, mineral deposits, wildlife, and deep, clean-running rivers. An air survey has indicated that there is no equivalent area in the world so completely fitted to become the home of millions of prosperous, well-fed, happy people. This new land belongs to no

one but a few thousand scattered and for the most part nomadic peoples. It stands there for the taking—a great untouched stock of natural living resources.

One cannot help but wonder, should such a phenomenon be possible whether the

human race would make the same mistakes in "conquering" a vast new land area that we Americans have made in "harnessing Nature" in these United States.

Less than five centuries ago Columbus brought home to Europe the greatest news flash of all time. Even so, more than a hundred years were to pass before a thin fringe of colonists was permanently established along our Atlantic coast and a few scattered Spanish outposts had found root in what is now California. Over two centuries more elapsed before the "winning of the West", and the actual settlement of the Great Plains did not take place until a few short decades ago. In these really recent years we truly began to roll.

These general facts are cited for the purpose of reminding us that it took some time as human history goes for the pressure of population to carry our people into the great interior of our country. Only a little while ago our resources seemed limitless. Land was cheap. Virgin timber was free for the cutting. Rich grazing lands stretched away beyond the horizon. The history of many a pioneer family starts with the stripping of a farm in Maine or Connecticut, a move to Ohio, on to Iowa and off across the plains to the Great West—leaving a trail of spoilation and waste.

In the colonization of a great new continent would we repeat the errors of the past?

In the beginning the American people took over the custody of some 1,900,000,000 acres of land. Some 40% of it was in virgin timber. A billion of the total acreage—over half of it—was suitable for crop lands, farm pasture or range-grazing lands. The remainder represented natural desert and mountain tops. That was the inventory of our resources, our pantry, when the United States went into business.

How do we total up today? Let us check the timber item. Of the approximately 800 million acres of virgin forest that fell to the care of the founding fathers only about 133,000,000 acres—some 17%—is reported to remain. About half of the original total acreage is in second and third growth forest including scattered farm woodlots. And how are we administering this pitiful remnant of our farmer wealth? The Forest Service of the Federal Government in its last annual report states that in 1909 the total stand of saw timber in the United States came to 2,826 billion board feet. By 1945—a generation and a half later—our national "woodpile" had been reduced



Time To Take An Inventory of Our Pantry

to 1,601 billion board feet—a reduction in our inventory of some 44%. This does not indicate the amount of standing timber represented by those species of trees that were not considered valuable in 1909, but which are now included in the latter total. Nor does it reveal the fact that of our remaining 133 million acres of virgin forest 96% is in the western states. So far as virgin timber is concerned the east, the south and the central states have practically none of it.

This is only part of the forest story. It is reported that we are consuming our now limited supply at the rate of 54 billion board feet each year while our annual growth rate is only 35 billion. Consumption surpasses replacement by more than 50%. It does not take much paper to figure how long at this rate it will be before we can close out our timber inventory.

Let's look at the farm land item. The most recent report of the Soil Conservation Service estimates our present farm croplands total at approximately 460,000,000 acres. Erosion, largely man-made, is said to take away 5,400,000,000 tons of our life-supporting topsoil every year. It is stated that 3,000,000,000 tons wash or blow away from American farms every twelve months—enough to fill a freight train that would girdle the earth 18 times. Erosion by wind and flood is estimated to carry away some 21 times as much plant food from our soil as the total of its productive crops. The total red ink item representing annual soil loss in the United States approaches \$4,000,000,000. This total is made up of the losses of soil, plant nutrients, direct loss to farmers, plus the cost of damages by flood and erosion to highways, railroads, waterways and other facilities and resources.

So the story goes. Our forests and our grasslands are the basis of our national wealth. Oil, minerals, all our other resources add to the total, of course, but it is by our forests and our grasslands that our people eat and live.

Ding Darling is so very right. It is high time to take an inventory of our pantry. No family could live and thrive by such inroads on its capital and no one can spend more than he earns for long. No sound business could pursue a policy by which capital replacements were not adequately and regularly planned. And by the same token no nation can survive that spends its wealth faster than it can be replaced. The most tragic chapters of the human story bear this out—Greece, Spain, China, India and many more throughout the history of man.

The time for our defiance of the laws of nature has come to an end. If we do not cease the practice of using up our resources faster than they can be replaced we too will become a "have not" nation. As Ding predicts, our trustee-ship will have failed and the race will spend the rest



A Sucker for a Scent

ALTHOUGH the beaver is protected by the laws of Louisiana there are times when it is necessary to trap them. And usually that is not too easy to do. The beaver is a cunning little devil in more ways than one, and even in captivity he goes about his business with little concern for the things going on around him, but a trapper in the game and fish department of Colorado has discovered what makes the beaver eager.

Like a lot of two-legged animals the beaver's a sucker for a scent.

Herman Wilson, a Colorado trapper, noticed at a wild life show that whenever a heavily perfumed woman passed the cages, the beavers dropped whatever they were doing and started sniffing.

Another time a beaver wandered into a downtown Denver street and was captured and caged. He wouldn't have anything to do with any of his captors, but when a cologne-wearing miss passed, paused and began to pet him, he snuggled up into her arms happily.

That gave the trapper his slick idea. Nothing in the food line will attract a beaver at all. Being strict vegetarians, the decaying meat odor which has a fatal fascination for other animals, leaves a beaver

of its history fighting for what little resources remain. As for the United States we can then get along without a stock-taking, for there will be no inventory on our shelves. Old Mother Nature will have become Old Mother Hubbard.

cold. They live largely on the bark of trees, and like their steak spelled "s-t-a-k-e."

But when Wilson started sprinkling perfume on his traps, the beavers came arunning.

Armand Daspit, head of the fur division of the Louisiana Wild Life and Fisheries department, says using scent is nothing new to Louisiana trappers, as muskrat trappers have long known that the "rats" fall for a certain scent quickly, but "cologne," "black narcissus" or "My Sin" is not their favorite odor.

Millions of Americans were once dazzled by the shooting feats of marksmen who seldom if ever hit the targets at which they aimed.

The trickery of these old-time vaudeville "trick shooters" is revealed in an article in the August issue of **OUTDOOR LIFE** in which Dot and Ernie Lind, well known exhibition shooters, who perform their stunts legitimately, are photographed reenacting many of the tricks of the charlatan shooters of yesterday.

In disclosing the old-timers' tricks, the Linds, explain why the words "trick shooters" are fighting words to modern exhibition shooters. Among the tricks which the Linds expose are shooting ashes from phony cigarettes with blanks, splitting bullets with carving knives, and the famous "rat trap" trick in which trick shooter could blast a moth ball by missing it as much as a foot with his bullet.

QUAIL . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

dering: "My ear plugs, Watson, my ear plugs!"

There are less heroic expedients, however, that might be recommended for slowing down the too-ambitious hunter. Some over-anxious fellows resolutely count a certain number before triggering the gun. I knew one who would curb his haste by saying to himself, "Well, I'm not bound to have this one, anyway." And one ingenious gent there was who bargained with a darkey to "tote the gun for him," surrendering the weapon only after the flush.

Still another way to check premature firing, thought at times impracticable, is to observe the sex of your bird before shooting. A large number of hunters can tell you the sex of their birds before the retrieve is made. If your vision is no better than mine, however, you had better skip this. I'm always too busy looking for the bird down my gun barrel to notice

whether he belongs to the white-collar class or not.

The best method I have ever found to steel oneself against over-precipitancy is to hunt with an empty gun for a while. But after all it is an individual matter, and nearly everybody has his own recipe.

In buying fish, the question is "are they fresh, slightly off, or spoiled;" A new fish test has been devised to tell the exact condition of a fish. It has been discovered that fish spoilage occurs almost entirely through bacterial action at the surface of the flesh, and that a gradual increase in the alkalinity goes hand-in-hand with decay. Thus, by merely touching a sample of fish to the glass electrode of an apparatus for measuring alkalinity, the dial will tell an up-to-the-minute story of the fish's condition. Maybe time will be when every retail fish dealer will keep a test machine in full view on the counter to prov to the customer his fish are of a pristine quality.

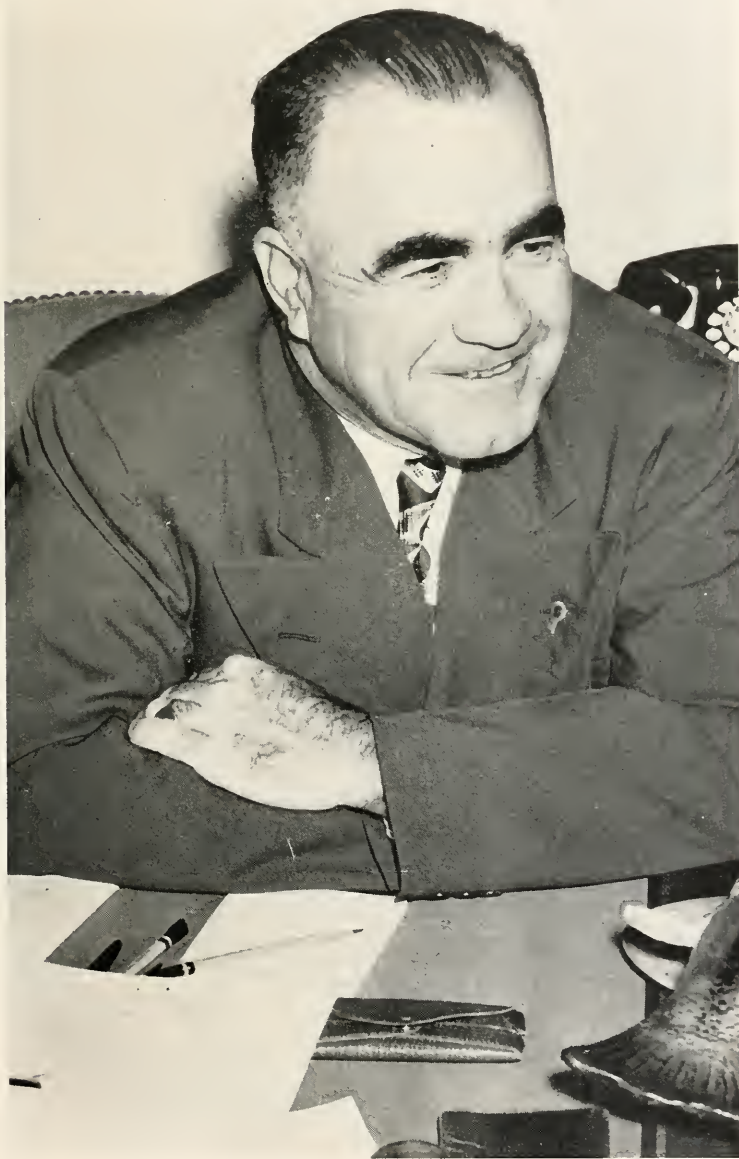
The killer whale is known as "Tiger of the Sea" and is afraid of neither man nor beast. It will attack anything that swims. They even eat the tongues of living whales. The male killer has a huge scimitar-shaped dorsal fin six feet high and as the beast swims, just at the surface, the waving fin looks like the neck of a serpent. This is responsible for most of the sensational sea-serpent stories. It is not afraid of boats or small ships.

The ceremony for launching ships dates as far back as 2100 B. C. These ceremonies have always had a religious significance. It wasn't until the early part of the 19th century that women and those other than the clergy and high officials were permitted to take part in the ceremonies.

During the launching ceremony, usually a man is stationed in the ways to break a bottle of champagne on the vessel in case the sponsor should miss or the bottle should fail to break. The reason for this is the superstition that if the vessel isn't christened properly she will be dogged by bad luck wherever she goes.



Major James Brown, director of the fish and game division of the Wildlife and Fisheries department, with some baby quail, soon to be turned loose in quail refuge in Louisiana.



ERNEST S. CLEMENTS

COURAGE IN CONSERVATION

THE following editorial which appeared in the New Orleans Item after Commissioner Ernest S. Clements of the Wildlife and Fisheries department closed the waters of Lake Borgne and Lake Robin the day after the trawling season for shrimp opened, is proof that courage in conservation pays.

And after closing the two bodies of water for a period of three weeks, Commissioner Clements found at the end of the second week that the shrimp in those waters were of proper size for marketing, and he re-opened the waters a week earlier than his original edict specified.

The Item's editorial said:

"Wildlife Commissioner Clements acted with commendable promptness and vigor in closing Lakes Borgne, Robin and other inshore bodies of water to shrimp trawls and seines for three weeks. The season had been opened in response to the request of commercial fishermen.

"But initial catches showed that almost nothing but undersize shrimp were being taken. If continued, this destructive practice would have made dreadful inroads on one of the state's most valuable wild life resources. Half the nation's annual shrimp yield comes from Louisiana waters. The fact that more than 500 small commercial fishing craft were operating in Lake Borgne alone on the first day gave even a layman an idea of the havoc such a slaughter of immature and undersized shrimp could cause.

"Commissioner Clements might have temporized. It is all the more to his credit that he was completely realistic in taking the course he did by issuing an immediate order banning further operations in these waters until the shrimp population attained commercial size.

LOUISIANA HUNTING SEASON

1948-1949

RESIDENT GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS

BOB-WHITE (quail or partridge) : December 1-February 20, inclusive. Bag limit 15, season limit 120, possession limit 30.

WILD TURKEYS: Closed Season.

DEER (Bucks only) : November 15-January 10, inclusive. Provided that the season shall not exceed 45 days and Commissioner of Wild Life and Fisheries shall fix the season in each parish any time between these dates, not to exceed maximum of 45 days. Illegal to kill does or fawns at any time. Illegal to take fawn or deer with horns less than three inches long. Bag limit 1 daily, 2 a season. Night hunting with headlight or camp hunting for more than 3 days forbidden.

SQUIRRELS and CHIPMUNKS: November 1-January 15, inclusive. Bag limit 10, possession limit 10. (Squirrels and Chipmunks 80 in the aggregate per season.)

RABBITS: October 15-February 15, inclusive. Limit 5 per day. Sale prohibited. Night hunting with headlight forbidden.

BEARS: Closed Season.

TRAPPING SEASON: November 20 to January 20, inclusive, on all fur-bearing animals, except muskrats and nutria.

MUSKRAT and NUTRIA: December 1 to February 15, inclusive.

MIGRATORY GAME REGULATIONS

DUCKS: November 12 to December 11, inclusive. Daily bag limits on ducks (except American and red-breasted mergansers) are 4 in the aggregate of all kinds, including in such limit not more than 1 wood duck. Any person at any time may possess not more than 8 ducks in the aggregate of all kinds (not including American and red-breasted mergansers), but not more than 1 wood duck. American and red-breasted mergansers, 25 singly or in the aggregate. No possession limit on American and red-breasted mergansers. WARNING: NOT MORE THAN ONE DAY'S BAG LIMIT MAY BE POSSESSED OPENING DAY.

COOTS (Poule-d'Eau) : November 12 to December 11, inclusive. Bag limit 15, possession limit 15.

GEESE: November 12 to December 11, inclusive. Daily bag and possession limit 4, including in such limit either 2 Canada geese (including Hutchinsons or Cackling geese) or 2 White-fronted (locally called Speckled-belly) geese, or 1 of each.

DOVES: September 16 to October 5 — December 24 to January 12. Bag limit 10, possession limit 10. SNIPE: Closed Season.

RAILS and GALLINULES: September 1 to October 30, inclusive. Bag limit 15, possession limit 15.

WOODCOCK: December 23 to January 21, inclusive. Bag limit 4, possession limit 8.

SHOOTING HOURS FOR DUCKS, GEESE, COOTS, RAILS AND GALLINULES:—ONE-HALF HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE TO ONE HOUR BEFORE SUNSET. NOTE: ON OPENING DAY OF SEASON SHOOTING CANNOT START BEFORE 12:00 NOON.

SHOOTING HOURS FOR WOODCOCK:—ONE-HALF HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE TO SUNSET.

SHOOTING HOURS FOR DOVES:—12:00 NOON UNTIL SUNSET.

Use of bait and live decoys prohibited. Legal limit of migratory game birds may be possessed 90 days after the close of the season. Hunters of ducks and geese must have a federal duck stamp attached to their state hunting license or old age permit. Duck stamps can be obtained from U. S. Post-office for \$1.00. Use of rifles or guns larger than a 10-gauge, or guns capable of holding more than 3 shells prohibited. The plug used in guns must be incapable of being removed without disassembling gun. Legal possession limits of resident game birds or game animals may be possessed up to within 30 days of the opening of the following season.

HUNTING LICENSE, RESIDENT..... \$ 1.00

Required of all hunters, except persons over 60 years of age who must have old age permit.

NON-RESIDENT HUNTING LICENSE..... \$ 25.00

TRAPPING LICENSE..... \$ 2.00

(Only residents permitted to trap.)

FUR BUYER, resident license..... \$ 25.00

FUR BUYER, non-resident..... \$100.00

FUR DEALER, resident (Deposit \$500.00 required)..... \$150.00

NON-RESIDENT DEALER (Deposit \$1,000.00 required)..... \$300.00

DEPARTMENT OF WILD LIFE AND FISHERIES

ERNEST S. CLEMENTS, Commissioner

Report all Violations to your Nearest Wild Life Enforcement Agent

